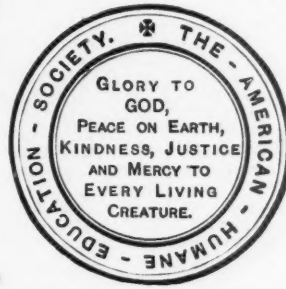


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 29.

Boston, October, 1896.

No. 5.



THREE FRIENDS.

GENERAL PALMER AT SEVENTY-NINE.

Our morning paper says that *General Palmer*, though 79, would be a President "thoroughly creditable to the American people."

This is good news for *Gladstone*, *Bismark* and *Li Hung Chang*, and not unpleasant to some of us other old fellows who have a strong desire to continue working in this world some years longer.

GENERAL BUCKNER.

The nomination of General Buckner as Vice-President carries us back to our Civil war, when he with some 1300 others [if we remember rightly] captured by Grant at Fort Donelson and various prominent Baltimore secessionists were confined in Fort Warren.

We were authorized by the Secretary of War to transact legal business for those confined there, and were often required to visit the Fort for that purpose and thought Buckner a fine looking man, but never dreamed that he would in 1896 be nominated for Vice-President of the United States.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LI HUNG CHIANG.

Some of *Li Hung Chang's* talk reminds us of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

For instance in looking at the Surrender of Cornwallis at the Capitol at Washington, he inquired if General Grant was there, and when told that he was not, wanted to know where he was.

When in the "Innocents Abroad" the Italian Commissionaire pointed out to them at Genoa the statue of "The great Christopher Colombo, who discovered America," they declared that they were Americans and inquired whether "Christopher Colonbo" was dead.

A great many things said and done during the visit of the distinguished Oriental (including the refusal of the four Irish policemen at Washington to carry "the heathen" in his chair from the railroad train to the carriage) might be worked over into one of the funniest plays ever put on the boards of an American theatre.

But to the thinker there is another thought connected with this visit not so funny.

Napoleon when urged to conquer a part of China and make it a French province, said "better let China alone, we should learn her the art of war. By and by she might buy and build navies, raise armies and conquer France."

Our readers who read our September paper need not be told that China with her innumerable millions is a sleeping Giant, and Christian nations anxious to sell her ships and guns are now waking her up,—and the time may come when the Christian World may remember too late the wisdom of Napoleon's advice "Better let China alone."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOOD THING.

The *Boston Pilot* says: The only excuse for the President's going to New York to meet the Chinaman is that there was the awful alternative of the Chinaman's coming to visit him at his summer home, and Mr. Cleveland was justified in doing almost anything to avert that calamity.

AN ENGLISH PAPER SAYS.

An English paper says that the only valuable thing *Li Hung Chang* left in England was his autograph.

It reminds us of the autograph hunter who applied to Horace Greeley for an autograph of "the late lamented Edgar A. Poe," to whom Uncle Horace replied that the only autograph he had of "the late lamented Edgar A. Poe" was signed to a promissory note for \$25 which he would be glad to sell at half price.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"Your money or your life!" shouted the footpad.

"Permit me," said the book agent, opening his valise, "to offer you this calf-bound, gilt-edge "Life of Napoleon" in three volumes payable on the instalment plan make your own terms we never disappoint a subscriber and if—"

He found himself alone.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

A friend objects to our proposition in our September issue, that by laws legally enacted, which the courts will sustain, it shall become impossible for any one person to hold personally over a million of dollars.

We think everybody will agree that there should be some limit.

No person should be permitted for instance, to hold personally over a hundred millions of dollars. Where shall the limit be?

Well, if a man can make a million [or perhaps two millions] for himself to hold, another for his wife to hold, and another for each of his children to hold, or to be held in trust for them, it seems to us that ought to be enough, and so stop this contest of multi-millionaires to increase their wealth, which is endangering the prosperity of our country.

We think a man who has made a million (or two millions), for himself, another for his wife, and another for each of his children ought (so far as this world is concerned) to rest contented, and give others a chance.

In looking over the list of about 150 legacies given to our Mass. S. P. C. to Animals since its foundation, we do not find one given by a person worth over a million of dollars.

We are told that Mr. Rockefeller has given largely to an University where vivisection is to be practiced on a large scale, but we have never heard of his giving a dollar to aid in the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, or to promote the humane education upon which the safety of all his millions depends.

We are not particular about calling it one million of dollars, or two, but there should be some reasonable, legal limitation in this country against the dangerous accumulations of enormous wealth in few hands.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FINANCE.

A gentleman, who has read our article on finance in our September issue, expresses the opinion that we are more familiar with the questions relating to the protection of dumb animals, than we are with questions of finance.

We agree with him.

In regard to the more complicated questions of finance, we are very much in the condition of the colored man, who at the attack by Grant on Fort Donelson, ran away at the first fire, and when asked by his officer what he ran away at the first fire for, replied, that "cooking was his profession not fighting."

We have not the slightest expectation of ever being appointed Secretary of the United States Treasury.

FARMERS AND MIDDLEMEN.

We don't profess to know any more about the matter than the average of our fellow citizens, but are inclined to think that the great trouble with farmers is that the middlemen buy of them at the lowest prices and then sell to consumers at the highest, and that the true remedy is for the farmers to unite in Granges or otherwise, and establish their own selling agencies in our cities and larger towns.

IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE FOR HORSES?

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and went forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas my master! how shall we do!

And he answered—fear not for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

And Elisha prayed and said, 'Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see.'

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw;—and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." 2nd Kings, 6-17.

KIND WORDS.

In the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript* of Sept. 5, we find from our old opponent in many a hard fought dog muzzling battle at the State House [but nevertheless our ever warm friend], *Julius A. Palmer*, a most kind reference to the work we have been trying to do during over a quarter of a century.

No one knows but ourselves how far such kind words go to encourage us.

If we have not, like Elisha of old, horses and chariots of fire to help us we do have many friends of earthly horses whom we can count as also our own.

IT HAS BEEN SAID.

It has been said that dumb animals have no power to thank those who render them services, but we discovered long ago, that if the animals cannot express their gratitude the friends of animals can.

Sometime since we mentioned in a letter to one of them, that on the previous night we only had one hour's sleep seated in a chair.

A few days after came to our home as a present from that friend, a most comfortable extension chair. With such friends even the asthma is not without its blessing.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE EFFICIENCY OF PRAYER.

The meeting to organize our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was called at my law offices (then 46 Washington Street, Boston) on March 31st, 1898 at 3 o'clock P. M., but finding the meeting larger than anticipated, was adjourned to a hall overhead.

Hon. Wm. Gray was chosen Chairman, and Russell Sturgis (then Russell Sturgis Jr.) Secretary pro tem.

I addressed the meeting and presented the Act of Incorporation, Constitution, and By-laws, which I had written, and under which we have acted ever since.

I was unanimously elected President, and Mr. Sturgis honorary Secretary.

Immediately at the close of the meeting Mr. Sturgis went with me to one of my offices underneath and there we both knelt and offered fervent prayers to the Almighty, that He would be pleased to bless the work that day begun. We who knelt there, are the only directors elected on that day now living. All the rest have crossed the dark river.

Li Hung Chang asked a New York lady whether she believed in the efficacy of prayer, and whether her prayers had been answered.

Have our prayers and those of others interested with us been answered?

Look at the history of the work begun that day. See how it has been reaching out not only over our whole country, but to foreign lands,—Humane Societies,—nearly twenty six thousand "Bands of Mercy"—millions of our humane publications, not only in our own language but nearly all the languages of Europe, and three of Asia—over one hundred and seventeen millions of pages printed by our "American Humane Education Society" and "Mass. S. P. C. A." in a single year—probably more than were ever printed in similar time by all our other societies combined throughout the entire world.

These things and many others, which have seemed most Providential are familiar to friends who have read our Autobiographical Sketches, or otherwise know our history.

How far have these things been in answer to prayers—not the prayers of the only two directors whose lives have been spared to witness them alone—but the hundreds of prayers, possibly thousands, which have gone up to the Almighty asking Him to bless the work?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LARGE FORTUNE.

A large fortune awaits the doctor who shall discover and patent some invention which, properly covering the ears, will shut out noises from those wanting sleep.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

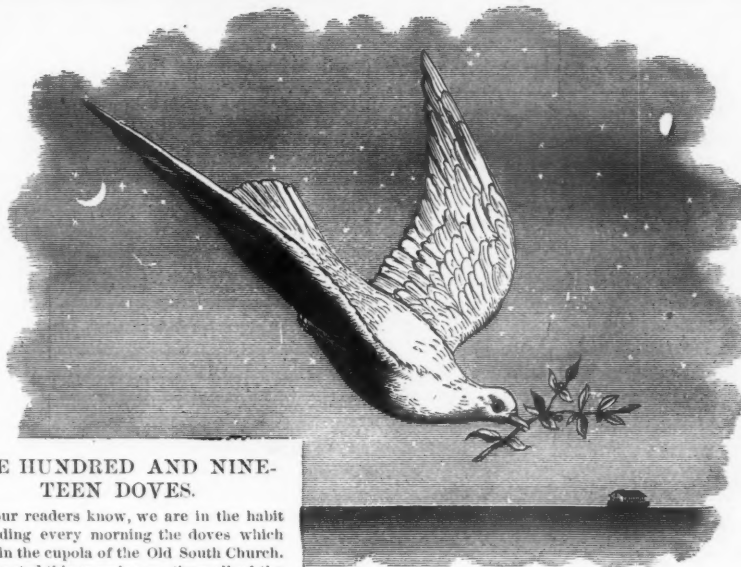
3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN DOVES.

As our readers know, we are in the habit of feeding every morning the doves which lodge in the cupola of the Old South Church. We counted this morning on the wall of the building facing our office one hundred and nineteen beautiful descendants from the dove which Noah sent out of the Ark, patiently watching our office windows and waiting for their daily food.

THE FIRST REPORTER BRINGING IN THE NEWS.

"And so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

THE DOVES AT THE WINDOW.

(Suggested by seeing the doves fed at Mr. Angell's window.)

Who tells the doves in the Old South tower
When the time has come for their dinner hour?
Who guides them safely across the street,
Where corn is waiting for them to eat?

No grudging welcome do they receive,
Like tramps who are told to eat and leave,
But the window is opened by ready hands,
And, watching them kindly, an Angell stands.

An Angell, indeed, no longer young,
Who for years has battled with pen and tongue
To protect the birds and beasts from wrong,
To lift up the weak, and strengthen the strong.

What wonder the birds with a right good will
Come flocking each day to his window sill?
For over his brow is a radiance mild,
And his heart is the heart of a little child.

Good friend of the helpless and the dumb
May your life be spared for years to come,
And when, at last, heaven's gate you win
May an angel be waiting to let you in.

MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY, Milford, Mass.

We are glad to receive the above beautiful and touching poem, but must say to our good friend that we cannot claim to be any better than lots of good people, whom we have the pleasure of knowing, but who do not have the pleasure of feeding the doves as we do.

DENMAN THOMPSON.

This morning our good friend and life member of our Society, Denman Thompson, whose "Old Homestead" has perhaps made more people happy than any play in this country, called on us and wanted us to see a new play of his illustrating New York life, entitled "Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

We accepted his kind invitation and our verdict is, good music, good and beautiful scenery, a good play, and a splendid moral. We wish that many of our readers could see the play, and particularly the autumnal foliage of the last scene, and hear that magnificent song, "The Holy City."

GEO. T. ANGELL

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

PERHAPS THE MOST INFLUENTIAL AUDIENCE IN THE WORLD.

Our paper is a little one.

We do not want it larger.

But it addresses perhaps the most influential audience of any paper in the whole world.

Stamped on its wrapper "Our Dumb Animals, Boston," it goes each month to about 20,000 editorial offices in America, including all from Mexico to the North Pole.

When the editor in Alaska, Texas or elsewhere sees its stamp he says, "this is that Boston dumb animal paper—my boy wants it—my girl wants it—my wife wants it—I want it"—and so it goes into the home instead of the waste basket.

Nearly 20,000 "Bands of Mercy" and over two millions copies of "Black Beauty" are only two of many results.

It goes also to all our members of Congress, and the numerous other classes mentioned in another column.

In thousands of newspapers and magazines in our own and other countries, its articles and editorials are republished.

We intend that only matter which contains thought and largely thoughts boiled down shall be found in its columns.

Its object is to promote the progress of civilization and humanity, both to animals and men, and its principal aim is to influence the men and women who can influence the nation and the world.

As illustrating the above there comes to our desk at this moment a letter from an "Ontario" editor in which he says, "I think I read 'Our Dumb Animals' more closely than any of my exchanges—then it is read by all my family and then it is saved by one of my boys for binding."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHY?

Mr. Angell why do you put so many things in your paper which do not relate to animals?

Answer. Any paper which speaks only of peace, temperance, or any other reform will soon have few readers except those who being already converted need no conversion.

"Blessed are the merciful."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies. We can not afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents. Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges. In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "personal." My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month fifty-eight new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty-five thousand six hundred and fifty-four.

BICYCLES WILL MAKE WATCH DOGS MORE NECESSARY.

The facilities which the noiseless, trackless and swift bicycle is giving to criminals in the commission of crimes, particularly within a circle of twenty miles or so from our large cities and towns, make it certain that not only will our police have to be similarly provided, but also that on farms and at country residences it will become more necessary than heretofore to keep good watch dogs.

It is a great injustice that under a law of Massachusetts, dog owners are required not only to pay the actual damages done by their dogs—but double damages.

This law should be changed, and we advise dog owners to see to it that the change be made at the next session of our legislature, for while these four-footed friends of ours should never be permitted to in any way annoy honest people, the keeping of them should not be as dangerous as it now is.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Bicyclers should remember that the Almighty never intended their dogs to run as far and as fast as railroad trains or bicycles.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the September meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals President Angell reported that since last monthly report, Boston Agents had dealt with 432 complaints of cruelty, taken 84 horses from work, and mercifully killed 167 horses and other animals.

By careful inquiry they had ascertained that during the August hot spell 340 horses died from the heat in Boston and vicinity, and probably many more would have died, but for the Society's caution published in all Boston daily papers, to place cloths soaked in cold water on their heads.

Fifty-eight new "Bands of Mercy" formed during the month, make a total of 25,596.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

We are glad just before going to press to receive from Rev. Dr. Pullman, a paid order for 250 copies of "Our Dumb Animals" for the Nahant Street, Lynn, Universalist Sunday School.

I THINK IT WILL PLEASE YOU.

I think it will please you Mr. Angell to know the answer I received to-day from a policeman on the corner of Washington and Cornhill streets, when I asked him if he could tell me where the "office of 'Our Dumb Animals' was?"

"Nineteen Milk street—take the elevator—a mighty good place too it is sir"—and he went on piloting ladies across the street.

August 28.

[We send "Our Dumb Animals" to all the Boston police and they read it.—EDITOR.]

REV. DR. H. C. GRAVES.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTEST RECITATIONS.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle of Berlin Heights, Ohio, is the originator of a plan of having in schools, Sunday schools and before general audiences prize contests in speaking and recitations on humane subjects, somewhat similar to the celebrated Demorest medal contests in prize speaking and recitations on the subject of temperance.

She has already tested her plan with eminent success and has now published a book of 192 pages giving a full description and 74 choice selections to be used in such prize contests.

She has kindly named it "Angell Prize Contest Recitations" and we have received 400 copies.

Any person interested in our work of humane education and the protection of dumb animals from cruelty can send us in postage stamps, or otherwise, twenty cents and receive a copy of this book postpaid.

"ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN."

A ticket-seller in a theatre once owned a parrot that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he heard. Thus, among other things, he was soon able to exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!" For this sentence was constantly in the mouth of his master. The ticket man went to the country for a summer vacation and took the educated parrot along with him. One day the bird got out of his cage and disappeared. His owner searched all about for him, and finally toward evening found him despoiled of half his feathers sitting far out on the limb of a tree, while a dozen crows were pecking at him whenever they could get a chance. And all this time the poor parrot, with his back humped up, was edging away and constantly exclaiming "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time, please!"—Harper's Round Table.

Judge (to prospective jurymen)—Have you any pre-conceived ideas, sir, in regard to this case? Prospective Jurymen—I think—Judge—Stop! sir; stop right there! You are disqualified for the duties of a jurymen.

PRIZE OFFER TO COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

There is wanted in American Colleges and Universities to-day a new order of chivalry, which may properly be called "The College and University Legion of Honor."

The mottoes inscribed on its badges "For God and the Right."

Its pledge similar to that of the knights of old, namely, "I promise that I will endeavor in all places and at all times to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

Its condition of membership simply an honest endeavor to carry out the above pledge.

Its object, to send out from all our colleges and universities men who shall seek to make the world happier and better for their having lived in it.

I hereby offer in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" to the student in each of two American colleges or universities numbering over 400 students who shall first found in his college or university such an organization with fifty or more members, a prize of fifty dollars, and to the ten students who shall first found in any other ten American colleges or universities such an organization, prizes of ten dollars each.

The certificates of the presidents of such colleges and universities that such an organization has been founded in good faith and is likely to be permanent will be the evidence required to obtain the prizes.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of The American Humane Education Society, The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

"BLACK BEAUTY" FOR GEORGIA AND INDIANA SCHOOLS.

We are pleased to receive on this September 8th, a letter from Henry B. King, President of the Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for 500 copies of "Black Beauty" to be presented to the public schools of Augusta, also an order from Indianapolis for 1000 copies to be used in the public schools of that city.

INDIA.

We have an interesting letter this morning from Mrs. N. M. Mansell, Missionary in India, saying that she has already translated "Black Beauty" into one of the dialects of India, and proposes to have it translated into two others, and wants to know if we cannot help her. We write her that we will send a variety of our publications, but are sorry that in taking care of all America, the calls upon us are so large, that our "American Humane Education Society" cannot afford to send money, unless it is specially contributed for that purpose.

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

By the same mail with the above letter, we have another from Cape Town, South Africa, and are glad to send to the writer a variety of our humane publications.

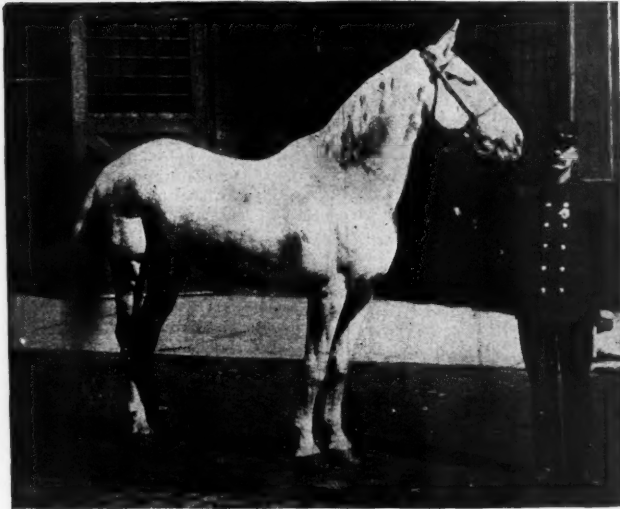
CANVASSING FOR "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We pay canvassers 25 cents for every 50 cent subscription.

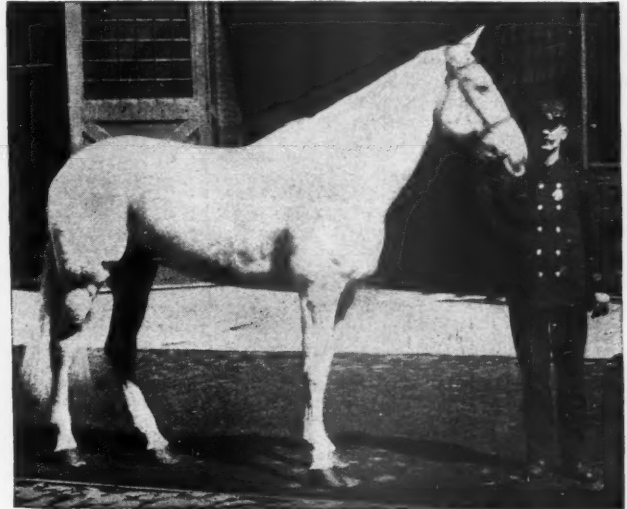
A young man called at our offices the other day wanting to try his luck. We gave him permission. In about half of the first day he secured 29 subscriptions which paid him \$7.25 and he has been doing finely ever since.

There is not a city or town in this country where some man, woman, boy or girl might not realize a handsome sum of money in this way.

There is not a newspaper office in this country or in British America where "Our Dumb Animals" is not known, and hardly one whose editors would not willingly aid any proper person in their respective localities to increase its circulation.



DAN.



JOE.

FAMOUS FIRE HORSES OF KANSAS CITY.

Who made a record at London, England, in 1893, of hitching ten feet away from pole in less than four seconds.

Used by kind permission of the *Fireman's Herald*, 39 Cortland Street, New York City.

WHY NOT HAVE A BIRD DAY AS WELL AS AN ARBOR DAY?

Some years ago the superintendent of schools in an Eastern town undertook the systematic instruction of all his pupils in everything pertaining to ornithology, says the *Ave Maria*. Children were taught the habits of birds, of their migrations, their usefulness in ridding the fields of destructive insects, and the wickedness of destroying beautiful and innocent little beings either by shooting or nest-robbing. The kind-hearted professor finally set aside a day known as Bird Day, in which were celebrated the use and beauty of man's little feathered brothers. The Secretary of Agriculture has heard of the Bird Day of Oil City, and has written a letter recommending its observance everywhere.

There is much nonsense taught in the public schools which ought to be done away with; but surely no kindly person could look with disfavor upon a suggestion which has for its object the preservation of the native wild birds, and the inculcation of humane impulses in childish hearts.—*Boston Pilot*.

BIRD DAY.

Bird Day in the schools at Fort Madison, Iowa. [From report of C. H. Morrill, Superintendent.]

"I never saw children more enthusiastic in preparation or happier in rendering. They brought their pet birds, they decorated the rooms with flowers and green branches, they ornamented the boards with drawings of birds, birds' nests, flowers, etc. * * * The buildings rang with bird music all day, the children were happier than ever before, and visitors came until standing space in many rooms was at a premium. * * * It is safe to say that we shall celebrate the day next year. I hope it may come to be a national day."

Superintendent Babcock of the "Oil City," Pa., schools writes:

"The exercises this year (1896), as upon previous ones, varied somewhat in the different grades. They consisted of original compositions by the pupils, containing the results of their observations of birds, of talks by pupils and teachers, comparing observations, giving localities of bird haunts, and general exchange of bird lore; of recitations from eminent prose writers on birds, and from the poets; finally many of our schools closed their exercises by a trip to the woods to listen to the vesper concert of our feathered brothers. * * * We begin the study of birds on January 1 and continue till June, studying those that stay all winter and trying

to keep account of the new comers as they arrive. We devote two periods, of twenty minutes each, per week to this study. Bird Day is a summary or focusing of the work of the year. * * * The results of bird study and of Bird Day are interesting. Our children generally know most of our bird residents, they also love them, and feel like protecting them. *There has been a complete change in the relations existing between the small boy and the birds.*"

THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY HORSES.

A careful investigation by our agents shows that during the hot spell in August 340 horses died from the heat in Boston and vicinity. Probably many more would have died but for our suggestion in all Boston daily papers that their heads should be protected by wet bandages.

HOW HE STARTED HIM.

"To start a balky horse drop a pebble in his ear."

So he found a nice, irregular pebble and d-dropped it into the horse's ear. Then he stepped back to watch the result. The horse started. He took with him a part of the harness, but he left the cart behind, and though it is perfectly correct for the cart to be behind the horse, *two miles behind him* is far too much. As the man watched the horse rushing wildly down the road, shaking his head and waving his tail, he admitted this.

ABOLISH THE BLINDERS.

The best handlers of horses are condemning blinders.

The purpose of blinders is to shut off from view any object from behind the horse that might cause the horse to become alarmed and try to run away.

As to this, blinders have proven more disastrous than beneficial. If a horse passes some object that is not fully understood by him, and causes fright, the shutting off from view of this scarecrow by blinders only increases the fear.

Any horse of ordinary good sense can soon be taught not to scare at flags, cars, covered wagons, umbrellas, etc., by letting him see them and understand them.

Give the horse the full power of all his senses; let him see, hear and smell, if need be, to satisfy his fears.—*Kansas City Live Stock Indicator*.

PERSONAL SARCASM GENERALLY DON'T PAY.

There is great temptation to people somewhat gifted in that direction to indulge in sarcasm; and it sometimes requires considerable determination to resist doing it, but as a general rule it *don't pay*.

When we first entered good old Dartmouth college we were appointed to represent our class in a debate with a member of each of the other classes, and the Junior, opposing disputant, thought he would (and did) make considerable laughter at our expense, by quoting Milton's "Paradise Lost."

He finally closed by saying that "for an angel, we had accomplished very little in the way of argument."

We brought down the house with cheers by simply replying that "we believed we had accomplished *shed one thing*, that had never been accomplished, but *once before* in the history of the world, and that was when an angel opened the mouth of Balaam's ass."

During the rest of his college course it was not uncommon to hear him called out to on the foot-ball ground, "Go it, Balaam."

But he never spoke to us again from that day, and probably remembered it against us all the rest of his life.

It would have been better not to have said it.

Sarcasm, generally *don't pay*, unless it be of the pleasant kind used by an Irishman to his employer—a coal dealer—who proposed to discharge him because "He couldn't learn him anything."

"Well, I've learned one thing since I've been with you," said Pat, "What's that?" "That eighteen hundred make a ton."

Pat was retained.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

Our good wife suggests on the above subject what seems to us a most excellent plan. *Namely*, that there should be in our cemeteries buildings properly heated and lighted, where the bodies of persons supposed to have deceased should be kept, under the supervision of proper attendants, until the beginning of decay, when they should be cremated and the ashes buried as may be desired.

Why would it not be well to have such a building of temporary deposit connected with each of our crematories?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Nothing short of the commencement of decomposition seems to be an absolutely certain sign of death."—*New England Medical Monthly*.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT, IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

In 1876 I had the pleasure of addressing one of the Biennial Meetings of the "National Unitarian Conference" at Saratoga Springs.

While waiting there a discussion arose in regard to the acoustic properties of the hall, which made it difficult for a large portion of the great audience to hear distinctly what was said on the platform, and they were about to decide that subsequent conferences could not be held at Saratoga, when a gentleman sitting alone in the gallery rose and said "Mr. President."

The President seemed a little doubtful about recognizing the stranger until some one in the audience said he knew him and undoubtedly he had some proper communication to make, whereupon the President recognized him. "Mr. President," continued the gentleman, "I have listened with interest to this discussion, and as the Conference seems about to decide that it cannot meet in Saratoga again I would say that I am the Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church here. It seats 1,500, and the ordinary tones of all speakers can be heard distinctly in every part. I shall not be here two years from this time, but if the only objection to your meeting here is the want of a proper audience room, I feel assured that you can have the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Up sprang a well known Providence gentleman, and on the spur of the moment, without proper thought exclaimed, "Well that is a noble proposition, but the only wonder I have, is how so broad a man can remain in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

I think I never knew a man get on his feet more quickly than did the late James Freeman Clarke, and shall never forget the words he uttered, slowly but in a voice which no one in the hall failed to hear. "Mr. President—I for one,—have been accustomed to think,—that the Methodist Episcopal Church,—is a very good place for any man to stay."

There was hearty applause, the Providence gentleman apologized and as I was subsequently informed several National Conferences of the Unitarians met in the Saratoga Methodist Episcopal Church.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

A LETTER FROM A DAUGHTER OF JAMES
FREEMAN CLARKE.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I think it quite important that some attention be given to the danger of interment before death. From the very nature of the case few, very few of those unhappily placed in this dreadful situation can ever be known to have so suffered—of those buried in graves there is only one chance, that of being rescued by body snatchers, and that has happened often.

A friend of mine had this experience. He is a well known English author. He and his mother were passing the winter in Rome for health, she being an invalid.

In the spring they started for London. Arrived at Nice she became so ill that they had to stop there, where she declined and apparently died. The physician in attendance said she was dead without question, but her son said he did not think so. He said that if his mother were really dead he should feel differently. He had no other reason for doubting it. "Then," said the doctor, "you must not let any French person know her condition, for it is the law here after a certain number of hours for the authorities to send and take the body away for interment; you must remain with her yourself till you are satisfied and let no one else enter the room; say the doctor's orders are that she be not disturbed."

Accordingly my friend took up his watch, twelve hours passed, twenty-four, thirty-six and still all was quiet. I think it was more than forty-eight hours when she spoke. She seemed not to know that she had been unconscious or that time had passed. She recovered and returned to London where she lived some years longer. Now there can be no doubt that she was saved from a dreadful fate by her son. Had he been as careless as most of us are she would undoubtedly have awakened to die miserably and he never would have known it.

In this hot weather where I live, barely twenty-four hours is allowed before interment as the funeral is almost always fixed for the day after death. In some German cities it is the excellent custom to place all dead bodies in a room with watchers. A bell is affixed over the head of each with a string passing to a tumbler on a

finger of the hand so that the least movement of the hand will sound the bell and call the attendants.

SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE.

Marietta, Ga.

APPEAL TO "WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS."

We take pleasure in publishing the following Appeal by Miss Georgiana Kendall of New York City, a Vice-President of our "American Humane Education Society" to the about 150,000 women of the [National] "Woman's Relief Corps."

DEAR MADAM:

May I engage your kind attention for a few moments while I address you in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society?"

The objects of our work are: To educate public sentiment as regards our grave responsibilities to the brute creation; to expose and check all atrocities of unnecessary and cruel vivisection, especially in schools and colleges, where they are alarmingly on the increase, also every other form of cruelty, both to human beings and dumb creatures; and to introduce Humane Education into our public schools and elsewhere.

A network of cruelty pervades the world.

The reports that reach us are too distressing and numerous to be mentioned.

We learn of incredibly cruel deeds perpetrated by even children of tender years—which call forth no remonstrance from parent or guardian.

Experience has proven to us again and again however, that the cruel child-heart can be easily led by our attractive "Band of Mercy" teachings into ways of kindness and love—not only to its dumb companions but to each other as well.

Even in classes of very rough boys the interest manifested is intense and the rapid change in deportment most gratifying.

The lesson-papers published by our Society present most attractive and successful "object lessons," by which to demonstrate the noble although dormant virtues we wish to awaken into life and activity.

The ready co-operation so frequently offered by superintendents and school directors assists us greatly.

If you will kindly glance at the marked passages in the papers herewith enclosed (as also those sent under separate cover) you will readily see the progress we have made and the very urgent need for continued effort.

Strange and sad to say, America is the only country (so far as we can learn) where physiological experiments on live animals have been introduced before public school children.

In Massachusetts such experiments in the presence of children have been prohibited by law, and there is also a law making it the duty of all public school teachers to give special humane instruction to those under their charge.

Strenuous efforts have been made in several other States to secure similar judicious enactments.

In very many schools "Black Beauty" and our various other humane publications are used as supplementary reading.

Dr. Mark, of Ottawa, Canada, has, at his own expense, formed nearly one hundred thousand Canadian children into our "Bands of Mercy."

In Washington, D. C., the past year, seven thousand children have been enrolled as new members of our "Bands of Mercy."

In the schools in Columbus, Ohio, sixteen thousand new members have also joined our Bands.

Among others, a request has come to us for humane publications to supply seventeen hundred teachers in the State of Washington.

At Newport, R. I., (where we have "Bands of Mercy" in all the schools) in all the grammar schools the different grades of pupils have written compositions on our humane work, and a variety of prizes have been given to the successful competitors.

Our American Bands of Mercy now number over a million members, but the beautiful pledge, "I will try to be kind to all helpless creatures," is becoming a contradiction in the schools where the "scientific cruelty teaching" of dissection and vivisection is forced upon them.

Woman's influence is needed in every community to interest educators, clergymen, editors and others in this merciful reform.

How devoutly we wish that your powerful and honored organization may adopt our cause, and help us to ensure to our beloved land a standard which shall

make our country foremost, not only in material progress, but in that also which concerns higher motives and nobler lines.

The merciful are always brave; but the cowardly nature is ever ready to inflict pain upon others.

Love of country cannot mean much to those hardened by cruel teaching—nor can any nation be truly great whose standard is low in this regard.

Our Flag is too sacred an emblem—sanctified by too much of noble sacrifice, to be rightly cherished by those trained to the sight of torture needlessly inflicted on the helpless and unoffending.

We have published many touching stories showing the solicitude and tender consideration of President Lincoln (and other great men) toward even the least of these dumb creatures of God!

What more fitting memorial to our nation's hero could be raised in the heart of every American child than to be taught to imitate these gentle virtues which formed the marked characteristics of this world-honored man.

The pioneer work has been already done.

Our publications are received and read by hundreds of thousands who are becoming interested for our cause.

A personal letter and humane literature has been sent to all our Bishops asking the co-operation of their respective clergy;—as likewise to all State Superintendents of Education, asking them to "denounce with us the demoralizing practices above referred to, and to urge that an allotted season (one hour each month or a shorter time each week) be devoted in all our schools to regular instruction regarding the rights and needs of the lower creation."

It seems as if the time has now come to "go forth and claim the land and the promise."

May we cherish the hope that you will give the needed emphasis to our great work; and that with the American Flag which is to receive honor in every school house, may be upheld likewise our "Banner of Mercy, Justice and Compassion"—not less noble, not less needed—which, putting cruelty to shame, shall inspire in the lives of the rising generation gentle thoughts and just and loving deeds?

Trusting that you may find it possible to engraft the work of "The American Humane Education Society" upon your own, believe us with earnest appreciation of the great work which engages your attention,
Sincerely yours,

All interested in the above appeal are requested to write for further information.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

ACTION OF THE "WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS" ON THE ABOVE PETITION.

At the National Convention of the "Woman's Relief Corps" held at St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 3 and 4, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, The bravest are always the tenderest, and the spirit of humanity underlies the deepest patriotism, RESOLVED, That we approve of the work of "The American Humane Education Society" and similar associations, inculcating greater care of the brute creation, as expressed through "Bands of Mercy," and other organizations of American youth, and recommend that our Committees on Patriotic Teaching shall consider this a very important part of their work of promoting good citizenship. We reaffirm the hope, coming to the Woman's Relief Corps from an officer of the American Humane Education Society, that with the American flag, which is to receive honor in every schoolhouse, may be upheld likewise the banner of Mercy, Justice, and Compassion, not less noble, not less needed, which, putting cruelty to shame, shall inspire in the lives of the rising generation gentle thoughts and just and loving deeds.

GOOD BOY. MEANS WELL.

A young editor sends us an article in which he speaks well of our paper, but objects to our italicizing.

Good boy—means well—but don't quite understand our business.

We are indebted to Homer P. Branch of Osage, Iowa, for the beautiful poem in August Our Dumb Animals, beginning "I sat by the window at daybreak."

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000 and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts Legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents. Boston Courier.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "*American Humane Education Society*"—gratuitously circulated by "*American Humane Education Society*"—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herd, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herd we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being so kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

HENRY CLAY.

Many good anecdotes are told of Henry Clay—among them this:

A new congressman sought to distinguish himself by attacking the great American statesman.

While he was delivering his oration Mr. Clay read a newspaper; at its close Mr. Clay said nothing—nobody else said anything and the new congressman sat down in silence to meditate on his folly.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, *Strike at Shane's*, *Four Months in New Hampshire*, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at Publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition 25 cents; mailed 30. Both editions cloth-bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1) Placards for protection of birds.
- (2) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

IS IT CRUEL?

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

IN NORWAY.

It is said that in Norway a bucket of water is always placed within reach of a horse when he is taking his allowance of hay.

"It is interesting," says the writer of the incident, "to see with what relish they take a sip out of one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as any rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is whether this mode of feeding has not a beneficial effect in preserving the animal's respiratory organs."



ANGORA KITTEN DUKE.

From Walnut Ridge Farms.

WANTED—A COMPANION.

ADVERTISEMENT IN LONDON PAPER.

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket labelled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"Madam—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."—*Youth's Companion*.

I HAD A CAT.

The domestic cat is said to have affection for places and not for persons. I am strongly inclined to think that this is a misapprehension. As a schoolboy I had a pet cat which would follow me to school just like a dog, and, remaining in the shrubberies around, would wait to return with me. My father at one period always returned home from his duties at a certain hour in the evening. This cat would wait for him at a certain point in the road, and as soon as he approached would spring out, gambol a little round him and then trot a yard or two in front of him for the quarter of a mile between the meeting point and home. Later in life, I had a cat which accompanied my family during three removals. On each occasion he was carried in the arms through the open road from the old house to the new one. Not once did he desert us or return to the former dwelling. My experience is that the cat is not a selfish creature.—*Chicago Times*.

JONATHAN EDWARDS' SALARY.

Jonathan Edwards is thought by some to have been the greatest theologian this country ever produced.

At a town meeting held in Stockbridge, Mass., February 22, 1750, it was voted that "in case Jonathan Edwards would settle with them in the work of the ministry" he should receive the sum of £6 15s. 4d. per year, about \$35. It is comforting to know that he was assured in the contract that it should be "lawful money" and that it did not include firewood.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

ONLY ATTACKED THE RASCALS IN EVERY TRADE.

When in the years 1877-8-9 and 1880 (as appears in our autobiographical sketches) we waged war on the sale of poisonous and adulterated foods, drinks and other dangerous articles sold in American markets, and during ten days sent out through the columns of the *Boston Herald* the evidence we had gathered, a trade paper declared that we had attacked "*Every trade in Boston*," and proposed to hold a meeting in Faneuil Hall to vindicate the mercantile reputation of the city.

We replied that we had only attacked "*the rascals in every trade*" and that if they would get up their proposed meeting in Faneuil Hall we would give *twenty-five dollars* for the privilege of addressing the meeting.

Before we got through we received an unanimous vote of thanks from the "*Boston Board of Trade*"—and the personal thanks of many of its members, and were called upon by leading grocers to help them secure a law at the State House which should protect honest men against the rogues, who were filling our markets with their cheap and poisonous adulterations.

So now we say in regard to the *medical profession*. God forbid that we should write one word against the many noble and humane men of that profession, who are trying to relieve and prevent human and animal suffering.

But God forbid also that we should ever hesitate for one moment to attack any form of unnecessary and useless cruelty, either to animals or human beings, *whenever and wherever it ought to be attacked*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A HUMANE PHYSICIAN.

We know perfectly well that no regular physician is permitted in any way to advertise himself, but our good friend, and Vice-President, Hon. Henry B. Hill, feels that he owes his life and restored health largely to the extreme kindness and skill, and constant care of Dr. William A. Morrison of East Boston, and we are glad to take the responsibility of making this statement, without consulting either the doctor, or the Massachusetts Medical Society.

FOR THE DOCTORS.

Old Mrs. M—, who was seriously ill, found herself to be in a trying position, which she defined to a friend thus: "You see, my daughter Harriet married one of these homeopath doctors and my daughter Kate an allypath. If I call in the homopath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife will get mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law then my homeopath son-in-law an' his wife will git mad, an' if I go ahead an' git well without either o' em, then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I've got to die outright."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MEDICAL FACULTIES AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

A good friend with a check for "*American Humane Education Society*" sends the following letter:

DEAR MR. ANGELL—

That we suffer from very many ills we could, and should prevent is painfully evident. In a neighbor's humble home, near my country residence, on this mountain side a child has just recovered from typhoid fever—caused by drinking contaminated water from the school well in the neighborhood, imperfectly constructed. In the home opposite my grounds, the head of the house lies very ill—a distinguished man—broken down under brain pressure, whose repeated admonitions he has failed to heed—and just beyond his grounds, a noble mind has just gone out—to a Rest which pain so long and bravely borne had made most welcome, his loss irreparable to the world who honored him—so choice his mental gifts and acquisitions;—his sufferings due to over work and nervous tension.

In the mile distant village a woman I employ is just

regaining strength and life, after a dangerous illness caused from drinking water, while away from home, unfit for use.

Another workman tells me of the hard winter he has had—his boy brought home from the near city school, ill unto death, lying low for weeks, from fever contracted at the distant school where likewise improper water supply had caused the illness. Such cases of neglect, it seems to me, should be deemed criminal! Medical faculties throughout the land should see to it that some effective provision should be made whereby responsibility for such grave experiences should fall so heavily on *duly appointed persons* as should guard the public health against preventable disaster.

I call your attention to these special cases knowing your devoted interest for all that concerns the welfare of humanity, as likewise the dumb creatures to whom you specially pledge your faithful service.

CARDINAL MANNING ON VIVISECTION.

"I take the first opportunity that has been offered to me to renew publicly my firm determination, so long as life is granted me, to assist in putting an end to that which I believe to be a detestable practice without scientific result, and immoral in itself. * * * I believe the time has come, and I only wish that we had the power, legally, to prohibit altogether the practice of vivisection. * * * Nothing can justify, no claim of science, no conjectural result, no hope for discovery, such horrors as these. Also, it must be remembered that whereas these torments, refined and indescribable, are certain, the result is altogether conjectural—everything about the result is uncertain but the certain infraction of the first laws of mercy and humanity. * * * I love my country and my countrymen, but I will not confide in the notion that that which is practised abroad has not been and cannot be practised in our midst; and if I thought that there was at this moment a comparative exemption in England, I would say, 'Let us take care that there shall never be the reaction of the Continent on this country, for it is true and certain that whatever is done abroad, within a little while is done among ourselves, unless we render it impossible that it should be done.'"

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

We were sorry to see in "*The Transcript*" of August 27th a letter from the President of our *Anti-vivisection Society*, dated at the mountain hotel where he was stopping, in which he characterizes the killing of the smaller animals by our "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" by the use of cyanide of potassium, as "*outrageous*" and suggests that our agents might be *successfully prosecuted in the Criminal Courts*.

He adds that he has killed "*hundreds of animals varying in size from an ox to a mouse*."

Now we have not had much personal experience in the killing of animals—the last we killed was a woodchuck, which we shot when a boy, and the shooting of which we have regretted ever since—but our agents, who are required to perform this painful duty almost every day, and whom all who know them respect, believe with the Head of the Harvard Veterinary School, and the agents employed by the City of Boston, and a multitude of others, whose animals they have (as they believe) mercifully killed, that death to the smaller animals by cyanide in from 15 to 30 seconds [during a part of which time very likely they are not conscious of pain] is in most cases more humane than death by suffocation.

And our personal experiences with the asthma, which we have had since our sixty-one days' addresses to the Boston public schools in the winter of '85 and '86, leads us to think that their conclusions are correct.

But while our agents so believe they always carry chloroform with them to be used whenever the parties applying prefer, and a *revolver* to be used when shooting is thought more desirable.

We are really puzzled to understand why the gentleman did not send this letter to our offices rather than to the public press, or how the cause of *anti-vivisection* is to be benefited by its publication.

Among many letters received we have one this morning from a gentleman claiming experience who thinks chloroform produces great cruelty except where administered with care by persons whom the animals know and trust.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

KILLING OF THE SMALLER ANIMALS HUMANELY.

The following we republish from "*The Boston Daily Evening Transcript*" of August 28:

To the Editor of the Transcript:

"Will you kindly permit me to say to your readers that no outside person can easily understand the difficulties we have in regard to this problem. Some people absolutely refuse to permit us to chloroform their animals, and some who have had animals chloroformed tell us they will never permit that method to be used again. Our agents tell us that while some cats can be put in a wash-boiler without difficulty, it is impossible to get others in without extreme cruelty. It is very difficult in many cases to catch cats at all on account of their strength and fear. Some advocate shooting, and others absolutely refuse to have it done. I have a letter from an English society that the apparent suffering of animals has led them to abandon their suffocating chamber and adopt shooting.

What more can we do, Mr. Editor, than to offer to the best of our ability to use any method satisfactory to the applicant?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHY DON'T YOU?

Mr. Angell, why don't you have a wagon with two horses, and two men with nets, go around the city, and catch the stray cats, and kill them in a tight chamber filled with gas?

Answer: We don't believe it right to send around men to catch in nets every cat which happens to be found outside its owner's house, and put it in a dark hole, and kill it by suffocation. We don't believe the cats would vote for any such measure.

We think that our plan of sending out men to kill either with cyanide, chloroform, or the bullet, as may be desired, those cats which seem to be in a condition of suffering which makes life a burden, is far more humane.

Our agents are instructed never to kill cats, for whom it appears that any better provision can be made.

But why not catch only the cats that look poorly?

Answer: A mother cat with a young family of kittens don't want to be killed because she looks poorly.

TO LOOSEN A DOG'S HOLD.

A certain means of stopping a dog-fight, or loosening a dog's hold upon anything, is showering something over the animal's nose that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws.

THE VALUE OF GAME BIRDS.

A kind friend sends us a long article upon this subject, showing conclusively that those who kill *game birds* kill the best friends of the farmers, and it is *for the farmers' interest* to make every effort to protect them.

POLL IS ALWAYS ON THE ALERT.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head Lighthouse. It is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago, and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out: "*Fog coming; blow the horn!*" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out: "*Fog coming; blow the horn!*" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll never fails to give warning.

Lawyers and doctors get paid for their advice. Other people give it away with great generosity.



HOW WE PASSED THE HOT DAYS OF AUGUST AT ASBURY PARK.

By kind permission of *The Sea Side Torch*, Asbury Park N. J.

WILL IT BE NECESSARY TO HAVE MISSIONARIES SENT US FROM CHINA AND JAPAN TO TEACH US KINDNESS TO ANIMALS?

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the eminent American writer, sends us the following letter of hers published in the *Cleveland, Ohio, Leader*:

THE PUBLIC SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS.

"I have not known so brutal a thing during my long residence in Cleveland as the public slaughter of animals at Euclid Beach Park," said a prominent gentleman of this city to me yesterday. In speaking with several well known men I found the feeling equally pronounced against the parading of animals through the city before slaughter, and the public killing before thousands of people afterwards. It is stated in the newspapers that from 40,000 to 50,000 witnessed the knocking down and throat cutting of the calves, colts, and sheep. It must be evident to all who have the interests of the city at heart that slaughterhouse scenes, the knocking down of dumb animals, the flow of blood, and other details, leave an impression on their minds, especially of children, never to be forgotten. Women and children should absent themselves from such scenes. If there must needs be such beef-dressing contests, let them be done privately, and the awards given to the quickest dresser. Of course, the more expeditiously and humanely animals are killed the better, but when this is done before assembled thousands who ought not to witness death agonies when it is possible to avoid it, the community is harmed. There should be laws enacted in every State against the public killing of animals. Everybody is glad to have the butchers have a happy outing at a picnic, but if they will give the subject a second thought they will realize the harm done by the bloody scenes of last Wednesday. We look with horror upon the bull fights in Spain on account of the ghastly spectacle. How much better is a platform seventy-five feet long by forty feet wide, where, as a test of skill, animals are killed and blood flows in streams, and entertainment is thus furnished to thousands of people?

THE GREAT HOPE OF THE WORLD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,
Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
And o'er the present wilderness of crime,
Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—
*Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
Though worldly wisdom shake its cautious head;
No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;
Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall
Common as dew and sunshine over all.*
Then o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
'Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
Lead, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,
Lift in Christ's name His Cross against the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gloom, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for Earth, which sends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God—
*Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.*

THE POWER OF SOME HUMAN BEINGS OVER ANIMALS.

(From *The Lowell Evening Star* of August 27.)

It is a curious thing the power which some human beings have over animals. There is in Lowell a boy, differing in no respect from his companions, who has this power in a marked degree. Every stray dog or cat in the neighborhood knows him and loves to be in his

company. A vicious horse which the stablemen can with difficulty handle, will stand like a lamb while he harnesses and unharnesses him. The doves fly around him and in the woods the wild birds apparently regard him as a friend and ally. The most remarkable exhibition of his power, which has long been known and commented on by his friends, was given the other day. A large and vicious rat was captured in the stable in one of those traps which permit of easy ingress and no egress. The men who were looking at the animal were afraid to go near the trap the animal showed such terror, but the boy when he beheld the imprisoned creature fearlessly put out his finger and stroked his head, the rat manifesting as much pleasure as would a cat or a dog. Several days have passed since then and the stablemen are still afraid of their capture, but he has grown so tame and familiar with the boy as to allow him to take him out and put him in the trap, will come at his whistle and manifests every appearance of joy at his presence. There seems to be no question but what the boy could train that rat to perform almost any feat within the power of such an animal.

DANGER OF EATING THE MEATS OF ANIMALS THAT HAVE SUFFERED JUST BEFORE DYING.

In California a number of people were poisoned by eating meat; the cases were so remarkable that the physicians in attendance demanded an investigation of the condition of the animal at the time of slaughter. The butcher testified that the animal was a large ox, a magnificent creature, strong and full of life. He fought bravely to save it. He met his murderers defiantly, with eyes starting almost from their sockets, nostrils distended, mouth foaming. He roared and pawed the ground, and tried in every way to save his life for over an hour. Finally he was conquered. His flesh was sold, and with the results related above."

J. A. DARLING in *Food, House and Garden*.

[No fact is better established than that the meats of animals that have suffered just before dying are more or less poisonous. Even fish that are killed as soon as taken from the water are more wholesome than those that die slowly.—EDITOR.]

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity *to say a kind
word or do a kind act* that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

25597 E. Woonsocket, R. I. Friendly Band. P., A. Daley Oakham.	25607 No. 3 Band. P., Mrs. Pinney.	25619 Salem, Va. Lutheran Orphanage Band. P., Miss Bettie Davison.	25632 Carmichael, Miss. Center Ridge Band. P., S. Frank Foster.	25642 Knightstown, Ind. Soldiers & Sailors Orphans' Home.
25598 Benkelman, Neb. Benkelman Band. P., Gertrude Ban.	25608 Baptist Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., J. W. S. Lindley.	25620 Dodge Center, Minn. Dodge Center C. E. Band. P., H. D. Clarke.	25633 Helen Driscoll Band. P., Miss Jessie Wyman.	25643 Sunbeam Band. P., Alice T. Salter.
25599 Berlin, Wis. Black Beauty Band. P., Frank Cotanch.	25609 No. 2 Band. P., Mrs. Oleson.	25621 Trenton, Cal. Vine Hill Band. P., Miss Mary Overman.	25634 Asheville, N. C. Collett Band. P., Mrs. A. E. Morehead.	25644 Red, White and Blue Band. P., Marie Jackson.
25600 New Sharon, Iowa. Priceless Pearl Band. P., Emma Bittner.	25610 Unitarian Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., Mrs. C. A. Graves.	25622 Lincoln, Neb. Geo. Washington Band. P., Mrs. A. F. Marsh.	25635 Dakota City, Iowa. Union Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., C. Combs.	25644 Golden Rule Band. P., Stella Reed.
25601 Bingham Lake, Minn. Junival Band. P., Lucy E. Jefferson.	25611 No. 2 Band. P., Faith Jones.	25623 Marshfield, Ohio. Bloom St. Band No. 1. P., Dora V. Zellner.	25636 No. 2 Band. P., Mr. Rowell.	25645 George Washington Band. P.,
25602 New Salem, Kan. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. Ellen Lake.	25612 Chicago, Ill. Armour Mission Sunday S. No. 1 Band. P., Dr. J. H. Hollister.	25624 Bloom St. Band No. 2. P., Miss Anna Hedrick.	25637 No. 3 Band. P., Miss West.	25646 Helping Hand Band. P., Libbie Jayne.
25603 Mapleton, Oregon. Laurel Band. P., Mabel Knowles.	25613 No. 2 Band. P., Mrs. Gaul.	25625 Bloom St. Band No. 3. P., Eliza Fisher.	25638 Dakota City, Iowa. Catholic Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., Rev. M. McNeerney.	25647 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Spann.
25604 Bolling Springs, Pa. L. T. L. Band. P., Master Lee Diller.	25614 No. 3 Band. P., Dr. R. Dodd.	25626 Bloom St. Band No. 4. P., Mae Wilkinson.	25639 Allentown, Pa. Wide Awake Band. P., Mrs. J. A. Yeager.	25648 Neverfall Band. P., Miss Vickery.
25605 Humboldt, Iowa. Congregational S. School. No. 1 Band. P., Carlos Combs.	25615 No. 4 Band. P., Miss Ely.	25627 Bloom St. Band No. 5. P., Bertha Reinewald.	25640 Allentown, Pa. Wm. Penn Band. P., Miss Clara Ballies.	25649 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Duncan.
25606 No. 2 Band. P., Mr. Jacobs.	25616 Glenwood, Mo. Glenwood Band. P., Mrs. Isaac W. Stanley.	25628 Bloom St. Band No. 6. P., Carrie B. Runyon.	25641 So. Bethlehem, Pa. Lincoln Band. P., Mrs. Henrietta Sprague.	25650 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Channon.
	25617 Newburg, Oregon. L. T. L. Band. P., Mrs. Ruth Heacock.	25629 Bloom St. Band No. 7. P., Sarah L. Marvin.		25651 Lincoln Band. P., Miss Banta.
	25618 French Gulch, Cal. Mountain Band. P., Mrs. Julia Syme.	25630 Bloom St. Band No. 8. P., C. Ada Princehorn.		25652 Little Defenders Band. P., Miss Powers.
		25631 North Paris, Me. Hillside Band. P., Mr. Arthur E. Dean.		25653 Excelsior Band. P.,
				25654 Rushville, Ind. Orphans' Home. Geo. Washington Band. P., Alice Fritter.

A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson, driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milk-man of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that;

but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it, sir." "Why not, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room, he asked me twice where my hat was, and it were on my head all the time."

SQUIRREL CHATTER.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!

Good morning, sir!

If you wish to see me,

Come up in this tree.

I'm at home as you see.

Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy;

Her name's Frisky, mine's Spry.)

Now, as I introduce

You, don't try any ruse:

Nor think of the stew

So nice we'd make you,

For, you see, we love life and liberty too.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!

Now, we'd much prefer

That that wicked gun

You'd aim at the sun,

Though it may be less fun

Than this rare sport to you;

But now honest and true

If a squirrel you were,

And I a hunter,

Do you think you'd enjoy

The gunning, my boy?

Would there be so much fun in a shot or decoy?

But I meant to remark,

With my chattering bark,

That my wife, sir, and I

Were most happily

Taking breakfast up high

On this wide-spreading bow,

Where we're picnicing now,

When you happened this way

In your ramble to stray;

For we're up with the sun,

And have had a good run

Over fences and treetops, for nuts and for fun.

And we just sit up—so!

(On our haunches, you know,)

And hold in each paw

A nut with no flaw:

Then through it we gnaw;

And we drink the sweet dew

That the sunlight shines through;

Now don't talk to me

Of your coffee and tea,

Or nice mutton chops,

Our nerves have no hops,

And dyspepsia never our junketing stops.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!

You admire squirrel fur?

Yes, we think it's fine:

Can't well part with mine,

For it's just in my line.

If you aim with that gun,

Whisk! to this side I'll run!

Now, just one word more:

Your Columbus sailed o'er

To this world in a ship.

We just take a chip,

And spreading for sail

A fine bushy tail,

We set out to sea;

Your Columbus was no better sailor than we.

A dude clerk was dressing a show window Wednesday, and at his feet was a notice which read, "Any article in this window 25 cents." Several girls stopped outside to watch, and one said: "Let's buy him." After a general giggle, another replied "Oh, no, he's too dear at that price."—*Portland Welcome.*

"Our Dumb Animals," printed on the best book paper with typography and presswork perfect. Every number filled with most excellent matter inculcating refined sentiment towards our speechless fellow creatures, and fine artistic engravings.—*Dubuque Trade Journal.*

Miss Flora (in a pair of stupendous sleeves)—How do I look, Ned? Ned—Simply unapproachable.

AMONG THE APPLES.

Red, and russet, and yellow,
Lying here in a heap—
Pippins, rounded and mellow;
Greenings for winter keep;
Seek no further, whose blushing
The soul of the salt would try,
Till his face showed the crimson flushing
The cheek of a northern spy.

Hid from the winter weather,
Safe from the wind and sleet,
Here in a pile together
Russet and pippin meet.
And in this dim and dusty
Old cellar they fondly hold
A breath, like the grapes made musty
By the summer's radiant gold.

Each seems to hold a vagrant
Sunbeam, lost from the sky,
When lily blooms were fragrant
Walls for the butterfly;
And when the snow is flying,
What feast in the hoarded store
Of crimson and yellow lying
Heaped high on the sandy floor.

Fruitage of bright spring splendor,
Of leaf and blossom-time,
That no tropic land can mend or
Take from this frosty clime—
Fruit for the hearthstone meeting,
Whose flavor naught can destroy,
How you make my heart's swift beating
Throb with the pulse of a boy!

Apples, scarlet and golden,
Apples, juicy and tart,
Bringing again the olden
Joy to the weary heart.
You send the swift thoughts sweeping
Through wreckage of time and tears,
To that hidden chamber, keeping
The gladness of youth's bright years.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

ABOUT AN OLD HORSE.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

"Can I put my old horse in your barn ma'am, and let him stand day times while I'm to work on the wall over there? You see I bring his dinner, and I can let him stand in the meeting house horse shed, but the flies plague him fearful at this time of year."

Certainly he could come in!

Whatever else we may be remiss in at our house, no one can say we ever refused shelter to a tired horse, or a bite of something to eat to any stray and hungry animal.

"Put him in every morning and take him out when you get ready."

No need to have said he was an old horse. Every square inch of his anatomy told that.

But as I gave a glance towards him each morning as he passed through the dooryard, trotting cheerfully up to the stable door, I could see that he was well groomed and well fed.

None of the lagging, uncertain gait of hungry horses, looking this way and that, as if in the hope that a stray wisp of hay may be hanging in the air for them somewhere. When the noon hour came, his soft whinneying told of the approach of his master with the welcome dinner.

Going out one noon, I saw the man sitting there eating his own mid-day lunch, in full sight of the old horse.

"Old Bill knows when I'm 'round," he said, "I think he relishes his dinner better if he thinks I'm close by."

When he had stood there three or four days, I heard one afternoon, the heavy tramp, tramp on the stable floor that told of a loose horse.

Thinking it was our own laddie who had untied himself, I hastily ran out the side door, to get in front of him, before he would get out and go careering around the lawn.

But it was no defiant horse with mischief in his eye, bent on getting past any obstacle that stood between him and the coveted gallop up and down the road.

There in the middle of the stable floor, stood the old horse, his nose stretched out sniffing the air from the open door.

One foot was partly raised and put forward, as though he wanted to step out, but hardly dared to. At

the sound of my voice, his sensitive ears were brought to a point and then he slowly raised his nostrils higher and softly sniffed in my direction, as if to find out whether I were a friend or foe.

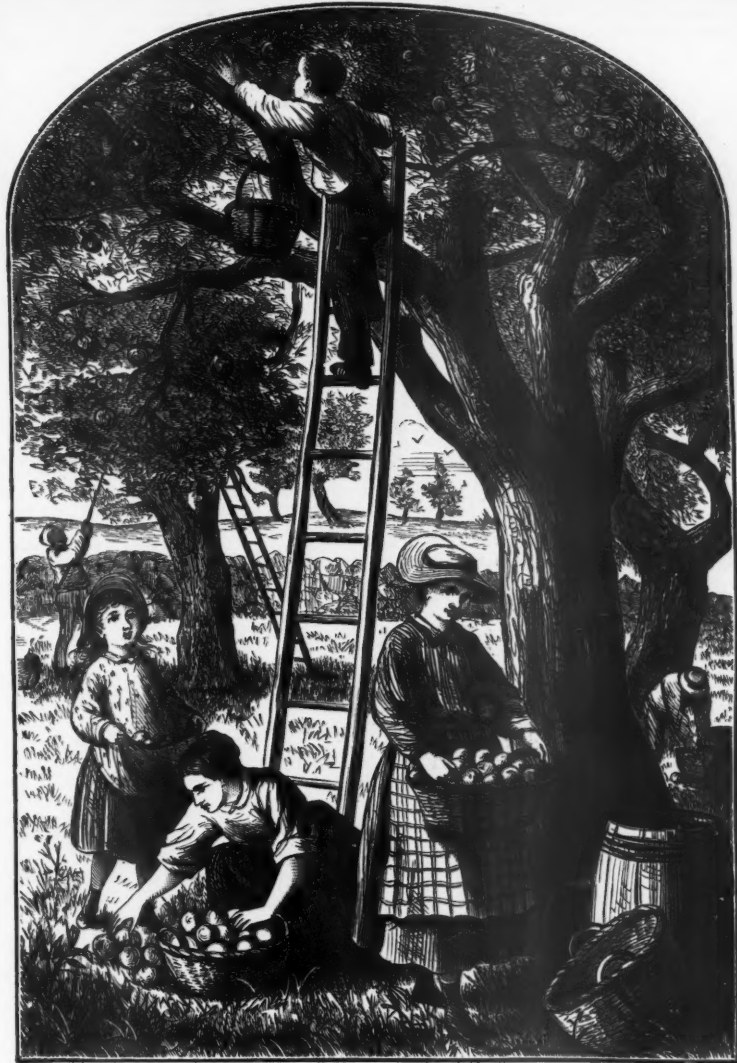
I saw at once that he was entirely blind.

No creature that knew he was on the edge of a precipice, or in fact on any uncertain ground, could have shown in attitude or expression of face, anything more like an anxious human appeal. I saw that any movement towards him increased his distress, so I simply drew together the stable door and left him until his master came.

"Law! afraid of Old Bill! Why he's nothing but a baby, ain't you, old boy. If you'd spoke right up to him, he'd gone back into his stall. Why my wife can do anything with him, and as for the little kids, they just crawl all round him. My wife says she believes he thinks he's one of 'em himself. You see I bought him right after he got blind, and so he knows us, but he ain't sure of anybody else. Now stand round old boy 'til I get your togs on, then we'll go home and get some supper and see the kids. Why we just love old Bill down to our house."

There was nothing appealing now in the attitude of the old horse. He was all right. He was under the command of the master who had never failed him in care or kindness. He even wore the air of one who knew there was a warm home welcome awaiting him.

How cheerfully he trotted out of the dooryard and across the street, and so on up the hill in front of the house. No one would have thought that he was a blind



PREPARING FOR WINTER.

horse now. But in perfect darkness himself, he trusted his steps to the guidance of one who had always chosen the safe paths for him.

"Heaven bless and prosper that man, I said!" Yes, and the wife and little kids too, for their kindness to that blind old horse, and something dimmed my vision as I watched him go steadily up the hill and so on out of sight. Not in pity for him so kindly treated, but my heart went out to the numberless other old horses scattered all over our land. Patient, faithful, dumb in pain and weariness, giving their all of strength and will, and only asking in return the pittance of food and shelter, that enables them to keep on to the end.

Who shall grudge them the kindly caress—the word of approval for a task well done—the welcome that would cheer them when home from a long weary journey—the consideration that would lighten their tasks when old and feeble? Let us, one and all, say with sincere hearts, "If I fail in kindness to such a one entrusted to my care then may Heaven forget me in my hour of helplessness and trouble."

GRACE ELIZABETH LAURENCE.

THREE ANGELS.

Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay;
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Receipts by M. S. P. C. A. for August.

Fines and witness fees \$130.28.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss Fanny A. Burlingame, \$10.50; Col. Cutting, \$10; Mrs. Henry E. Maynard, \$7; W. A. Gallup, \$3; Hon. J. Tucker, \$3.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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Amounts less than One Dollar, \$0.52.

Total, \$190.02.

The American Humane Education Society, \$225.00.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$12.50; Mrs. W. S. Haven, \$8.50; Miss F. C. Sparhawk, \$5; Mrs. M. Murdock, \$3; Mr. Chapman, \$2; Ella W. Mitchell, \$2; Miss M. A. Molineaux, \$1.50; E. C. Polk, \$1.25.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$30.50.

Total, \$87.25.

Publications sold, \$81.70.

Total, \$714.25.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for August.

Mrs. Harriet A. Bigelow, \$25.00; City of Haverhill, \$24.38; Mrs. John A. Woodward, \$105; Mrs. W. H. Bradley, \$5; Mrs. W. W. Willey, \$5; N. E. News Co., \$18.83; School Education Co., \$9.50; A. Flanagan, \$178. Small sales of publications, \$41.86. Interest, \$1.81.

Cases investigated by our Boston Offices since last report.

Whole number dealt with, 432; animals taken from work, 84; horses and other animals killed, 167.

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG.

BY PROF. C. F. HOLDER.

In no more striking way do the lower animals show that they have almost the same feelings and fears as ourselves than in the care of their young, and in the very simplest forms we find the most remarkable evidences of maternal and paternal affection.

Not long ago, a hunter was walking over a grassy field in the West, when right from under his feet darted a woodcock. She did not rise with the swiftness generally

noticed, for a reason that the hunter soon observed, and one that effectually prevented him from firing.

As the mother bird rose heavily, she had two little woodcocks upon her back, that had climbed there, as do chicks on the old hen. One soon hopped off, and then the other, but, as the hunter ran along to observe the unusual sight, he saw that the old bird held between her feet still another little fellow that she evidently had some particular reason for carrying.

At least, she flew along, bearing the little, fuzzy ball gently, the hunter running after her as fast as he could, so as to observe carefully the operation, until she finally disappeared in the brush, where she was probably joined by the others of the brood.

But what, you will ask, was the use of a mother, with a brood of a dozen or more, flying off with one chick? To this we can only say that the action effectually diverted attention from the main brood, or, again, the little one held between her feet may have been a weak or delicate bird, that could not get away from the threatened danger.

Among the birds, the young of those that live in the water take early to their native element, and we often see swans and geese swimming about with their babies upon their backs, evidently enjoying the ride.

THE MUSICAL UNDERSTANDING OF ANIMALS.

The editor of *Thierfreu* relates the following story of his own personal experience of the sagacity of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, "the Third Cavalry Regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Towards daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The terrified animals broke loose from their fastenings, and, in their fright, tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we should be lost; yet it was impossible, in the half darkness, to go after them into an unknown country, probably full of Indians. The captain, as a last resource ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved."

A gentleman who was a finished musician resided some years ago at Darmstadt and kept a dog, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of raising its face to Heaven and howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well-known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge, seated by his master's side, at concerts or at the opera; for "Max" was a regular first-nighter, and a great friend of the theatre director; he was never known to miss a new opera. "Max" was no respecter of persons, and when the singing was but a shade out he would attract the attention of the whole audience to it with a terrific howl. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing unless the dog was removed; but "Max" was so great a favorite with the Darmstadt public, and such a well-known frequenter, that the singer might as well have requested to have the director himself removed from the stalls, and he was obliged to give in with as good a grace as possible. The dog's master stated that he had trained him, when he was quite a puppy and by the time he was three years old the dog was as good a judge as his master of a false note.—*Boston Transcript*.

We are reminded by the above of what we saw opposite our State House one morning a few months ago.

An old woman was grinding out on a squeaking hand organ what bore some resemblance to a tune, when a fine large dog trotted up, listened a few moments, then sat down opposite the instrument, put his nose up in the air in a straight line and let out a series of howls, to the great amusement of the passers.

If he did not intend to express his disgust what could he have intended?



TAKING A BATH.

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EDITOR.

